

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fifth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

No. 402.—VOL. VIII. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1891.

PRICE 1½d.

A WORD OR TWO ON WORRY.

'AN ant is a wise thing for itself, but a shrewd thing in a house;' so, a worrying person, however well intentioned, is an irksome presence in a home. Such a one, out of sheer affection, will worry and persecute their belongings into a course directly opposite to their wishes. By oversolicitude and importunity, a good, kindly-disposed woman will effectually rouse resistance; and then feel and look like a martyr because her advice, so reasonable and unselfish, is neglected. Who does not remember the true but unpalatable formula with which her remonstrances will not seldom wind up: 'It is all for your good, you know?' The occasion may be a slight one—the contention concern perhaps only the donning of a greatcoat. Young people cannot estimate the amount of worry: the anxious glances cast at the clouds, the fears of a downfall, the preparations to receive the half-drenched 'wilful Will'—any more than the anxious house-mother enters into the pleasant sense of endurance—the mad delight in rain, or wind, or snow, of the said wilful Will. Hence no doubt arose the bitter proverb, that young folks think old folks are fools, but old folks know young folks to be so.

Some of the domestic worries which fall chiefly to the lot of women—such, for instance, as the imperfectness of service—might, we think, be assuaged by a consideration of the imperfection of all things, even themselves; and still further, an admission of the possible worry they—dressed in a little brief authority though they are—may be to those 'beneath them;' and whose complaints, it is just possible, may be more justified by facts even than their own. For there is little to restrain a fidgety superior from giving free and unwholesome vent to his or her fidgetiness, even though a whole household be upset by the 'setting down' it has been deemed necessary to administer to the peccant inferior. They do not sufficiently reflect that the other side being bound not to answer, except at peril of losing their

place, generosity should keep them, the superiors, in a measure tongue-tied. Nothing crushes all spontaneity out of service like exactions coupled with continual carping comments. There are no reasons against, and many reasons for, our servants being among our best friends; but are they so, as a rule? 'I have been so worried to-day' is the welcome with which not a few husbands are received when they return home, harassed it may be by the cares of business; and then he has to listen, or to shirk listening, to a recapitulation of all Jane's or Martha's stupidity and 'cussedness.' He mutters but a gruff word in reply, perhaps; and the wife—if, like 'Willie's wife, she is not over-wise'—is nettled at his want of sympathy; and the worry is allowed to widen and ripple over the whole expanse of the family circle.

Men, as a rule, do not expect so much of their dependents as women do; and are—and are not above showing that they are—more grateful for their services. They estimate the value of a good servant as they appreciate a conscientious and capable clerk, and treat them both with the consideration that is their due.

Interruptions are a pregnant source of worry—interruptions to conversation, to letter-writing, to meditation; but to work, interruption is a serious hindrance. The thread of a conversation may be picked up again, the letter resumed, the line of thought recovered; but to have to reply to various questions, to make decisions foreign to the subject in hand, tries the nerves and frets the temper of the steadiest worker. It is difficult, then, especially in official life, where the personal tie between principal and subordinate is mostly lost sight of—it is difficult, then, to regard even the blameless bearer of the interruption with equanimity. Vexation is shown not in words perhaps, but in manner: the aged subordinate who has brought the interruption, instead of being invited by a wave of the hand to take the chair close to him, is kept standing for the best part of an hour. This is unjust, and the injustice is felt as a worry by its recipient.

'If I had time, and was not interrupted—not worried, time to study, time to think, time to mature, time to spare—we are apt to fancy we could do fine things. Nevertheless, experience compels us to admit that, with rare exceptions, it is just this worrying want of time, this goad of necessity to do a thing and be done with it, that keeps the common ruck of humanity at work at all. This sets us in motion; but being in motion, there is every reason why we should endeavour to get the better of worry in our work, to control it and ourselves. Whatever provocation or misconception we may encounter from sarcasm, taunt, or calumny, it is well for us if we can bear it, if not nobly, at least with indifference. To retain our calmness 'e'en though china fall—to keep our temper in spite of adverse, misrepresenting criticism, shows a certain greatness of soul. And this greatness of soul belongs, be it remembered, to no one set of circumstances, to no particular class. It shows itself quite as often in the uneducated as in the cultured; it may be known by its calm. The soul thus endowed never hurries or worries, and, more wonderful still, it never allows itself to be hurried or worried. It goes calmly on through the daily tasks appointed it, and is the refuge and repository of every one else's worries, just because it seems to have no worry of its own. It is condemned, it may be, to what in our eyes seem trivial occupations: the spirit has been finely touched, we see, but the issues are beyond our ken. Yet no one who has observed the effect produced by such a character in a household will lightly undervalue its peaceful cloud-dispelling influence. And as it is not every home that possesses an example of such beautiful behaviour, it concerns all who are in authority to cultivate this sweet serenity, in which worry cannot live unrebuked.

Old worries are rendered easier to be borne by custom; like the high-heeled shoes, the stays, or the tall hat, to whose ugliness or inconvenience use has blinded us; indeed, there are those who are most sensible of a worry when it is suddenly removed; like the Admiral whose sleep was not disturbed by the accustomed explosions of the morning gun, but who was awakened at once by unaccustomed silence.

Some women, and, according to Thackeray, not a few men, are worried into matrimony. 'I married him to get rid of his importunity,' sounds like a paradox; yet it is not without its truth, and the woman capable of taking such a trenchant means of ridding herself of worry, not seldom shows her vigorous good sense by afterwards making the best of her bargain. We all doubtless remember the story of the two pilgrims on their road to Rome, each with a dozen or so of pease in his 'wooden shoon,' and how that the one limped and grimaced, and worried and grumbled; while the other paced placidly on, just because the latter gentleman had taken the precaution to boil his pease before placing them in his shoes. If, now, we pick the worries out of our minds, macerate them, reduce them to pulp by a process of comparison, add to them a seasoning of patience, a pinch of fortitude, a dash of cheerfulness—treat them, in short, as the amiable Mr Toots proposed to treat our raw materials, 'cook 'em,' we might hope to pace forward on our pilgrimage with

something of the feeling of relief attained by the astute wayfarer, who had reduced his worries to what we saw styled the other day in an English newspaper 'a trifling minimum.'

As evil is wrought by want of thought, what a worry to some children is the nickname carelessly bestowed upon them by some cheerful senior. It is not ill natured, but it is apt, and it sticks and sticks and bites into the child's mind, embittering its days and haunting its nights. He may give no sign, never openly rebel against its tyranny, but the heart knows its own bitterness. Hearing the old name once more as a man, he will laugh; but while he laughs, he knows that it has given him many a heartache in years gone by, and that the scar remains though the wound has long since ceased aching. Another source of more transient but of oft-recurring worry is over-accuracy in trifles. Many otherwise sensible people will overweight a passable story with needless particulars, or, worse still, interrupt you in an anecdote so slight as scarcely to bear repetition, by a correction of the day of the week or the hour of the day on which it happened. But if accuracy, over-accuracy, be sometimes an impertinence, what is to be said of the 'self-sufficient and insufficient' young gentleman who regards exactness as 'a mere matter of detail,' as he phrases it, and whose inaccuracies are as severe a test of the power of bearing worry as the most heroic soul could desire?

But since the catalogue of worries is all but interminable, we—lest we, too, should prove an exemplification of the point under consideration—will draw to a close; remarking in conclusion, that worries, like weeds, grow rankest in waste places, in neglected gardens; and though there be some so fast rooted that, like the quitch or couch-grass, it is next to impossible wholly to extirpate them, we may yet, when they are obtrusive, cut them over the head with the help of the switch with which Disraeli provided us, when he bade us reflect how small this same worry would probably appear to us this day twelvemonth. And if we are not strong enough to do for ourselves what time will do for us, let us take example by a man who showed his wit and wisdom not more in his works than in the habitual cheerfulness of his life, of whom it is recorded that he treated every unalterable accident as if it were the best thing that could have happened.

DUMARESQ'S DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER XL.—WHICH LINNELL?

FOR the next two days, in spite of his fears for Psyche's health, Haviland Dumaresq lived once more in one of his wild old-fashioned opium-dreams—without the opium. An opium-dream actually come true at last! Psyche rich! Psyche provided for! Psyche her own mistress in life after all! Psyche free to choose whom she would; to bestow herself with regal imperiousness where she willed; to carve out her own future, no man compelling her. His waking vision had worked itself out, in a most unexpected and inconceivable way! Psyche was at last where he had always wished her to be, and never truly hoped or expected to see her.

It was grand! It was glorious! It was sublime!

It was magnificent! What was Linnell's life to Psyche's happiness?

One nightmare alone intervened to mar his triumph. Not Psyche's blindness. That would surely come all right now in the long run. The mistress of so great a fortune as that had nothing to do but open her eyes and see straightway. His nightmare was the fear lest Sir Austen, if indeed it were really he who lay ill at Biskra, might manage to get the will set aside, and to claim his own share in the Linnell succession. That nightmare weighed upon his spirits not a little. He occupied himself for most of the intervening time, before Cyrus returned, with writing an interminable letter to Burchell and Dobbs about this alarming and distressful contingency.

There was another contingency, too, on the cards of course: the contingency that the man who lay ill at Biskra might prove to be, not Sir Austen at all, but his cousin the painter. That chance, however, Haviland Dumaresq could hardly fear, and dared hardly hope for. Did not even the man's own lawyers give him up for lost? Had not probate been granted for the will by officialdom itself? Was it likely anything would ever again be heard of him?

Yet if, by any chance it should really turn out to be Charles Linnell, Haviland Dumaresq felt sure in his own mind that all would be for the best, and Psyche in the end would be no loser by it. For if Linnell left her his heiress when rejected and refused, why surely when he turned up again, safe and sound at last, he could hardly do anything else than marry her. The load of blood-guiltiness would then be lifted from his own soul, and from Psyche's. Poor innocent Psyche! How much and how vainly had he made her suffer!

So he watched and waited, watched and waited, watched and waited for news from Biskra.

Away over there in the desert, meanwhile, Cyrus Vanrenen, the slave of duty, sat in the best bedroom of the bare little hotel, by the bedside of the unknown sick man from the South, who seemed at intervals delirious and dying. Time after time, reason would apparently return to the patient in a sudden flicker; but time after time, as fast as it flared up, the flicker died out again before Cyrus could make out exactly what it was the stranger so eagerly wished to tell him. For the wanderer's mind seemed sadly terrified and ill at ease: sometimes, Cyrus fancied, he gave one the impression of being haunted by something very like remorse—or might it be only pure panic terror?

All that Cyrus could gather from his rambling talk was merely this: that somebody had been murdered. He recurred over and over again in his delirium to some mangled corpse, which he seemed to behold in his mind's eye, lying unburied on the sand, away beyond Ouargla.

'Cover it up! Bury it!' he cried more than once in an agony of despair, or perhaps of penitence. 'They're coming up from behind! They'll see it and discover us! Just heap the sand above it a little with your hands, so, so! How hot the sand feels! Oh God, how hot. It makes one's hands sting. It burns one as one touches it!'

Cyrus soothed him gently with his cool palm. 'Come here, Corona,' he murmured in an undertone to his sister. 'The poor fellow's delirious! Come you here and look after him! A little eau de Cologne on his forehead, if you can.—There, there, that'll ease him.'

The stranger shrank back in horror at the cry. It was more than delirium. It was the temporary unhooking that often follows a great crisis. 'How it bleeds!' he exclaimed in dismay, looking down at his hands, his eyes all bloodshot. 'How it bleeds as one touches it! How pale, how white! I can hear them coming up even now from behind! Fiends that they are, if they find the body, they'll mangle it and mutilate it!'

Corona drew a tiny bottle from the charms at her châteline, and poured a few drops of eau de Cologne on her palm with quiet tenderness. Then she pressed it to his head. 'That'll relieve him a bit, I guess,' she whispered, leaning over him. 'One can see, he's terribly anxious in his mind about something.'

'Seems like remorse,' Cyrus suggested in an undertone.

Corona shook her head in charitable doubt. 'More like terror,' she answered with a scrutinising look. 'They must have chased him hard. He ran for his life, and just got off with his bones whole, I reckon. These Arabs must pretty nearly have made a corpse of him.'

At the sound of that word, the mysterious patient, drinking it in greedily, cried out once more in a wild cry of alarm: 'The corpse! The corpse! I must bury it! bury it!'

'He's stronger now,' the white father remarked, in French, as the patient clutched Corona's arm spasmodically. 'He couldn't have clutched like that I'm sure at Ouargla. The quinine's done him good. But ever since we've had him, he's talked this way. He's terribly troubled in spirit about something.'

The patient lay stretched on the bed in a nightshirt supplied by the people at the hotel. His own Arab clothes hung up from a peg behind the bedroom door. A happy thought seized Corona. 'Perhaps his underclothing's marked, Cy,' she suggested hopefully. 'If so, we could see which of the two it is—if it's really either of them.'

Cyrus rose and examined the clothes with anxious care. Not a sign or a mark could be found upon them anywhere. He shook his head with a despondent sigh. 'No good,' he answered, gloomily. 'The man's dying. And he'll die without our ever having been able to identify him.'

The white father understood the action, though not quite the words. '*Inutile, monsieur*,' he put in with a decisive air. 'We searched everything. Not a scrap of writing about him anywhere except the papers detained at Ouargla. *Du reste*, it would be hopeless to expect a name. He could only escape by assuming Islam. Through that fanatic population, so lately roused to a pitch of savage enthusiasm, no confessed Christian could possibly make his way in peace or safety. We wouldn't even venture to penetrate there ourselves. To be suspected of Christianity in such a case is to sign one's death-warrant. A name written in European letters on an article of clothing would suffice to condemn any man to instant massacre.'

'We must give it up then, Corona,' Cyrus exclaimed with a groan. 'We can only describe what he's like to Miss Dumaresq; and he ain't like much except a scarecrow at present. But perhaps she'll be able to say, even so, if it's him. We could get the body photographed, if he dies in the hotel here.'

That evening, in the *salon* of the little inn, a new guest, a big-bearded Englishman, joined the small party of desert travellers. He was a bluff engineer of the rougher type, with much-bronzed face and unpolished manners, who had seen service in South America and Mexico long enough to forget his aboriginal position as an English gentleman. His present business, he told them with the frankness of his kind, was to explore the desert region, with a view to satisfying himself as to the feasibility of the famous Roudaire scheme for flooding a portion of the Saharan depression, and converting the area into an inland sea. He didn't exactly think the thing could be done, but he thought if only you could float your company, there was a jolly good engineering job in it. Like everybody else at Biskra, however, he was deeply interested in the story of the stray refugee from Khartoum, and asked many curious questions of Cyrus as to the man's appearance, state, and chances of recovery. It was seldom indeed that the little forlorn Saharan town had possessed so striking a sensation; and it made the most of it. Biskra gossip lived for the moment on nothing at all but the name and fame of the survivor of the Soudan.

'There were a pair of them at first!' the engineer repeated thoughtfully as Cyrus finished his uncertain tale. 'And they ran away from a caravan on camels! Two camels or one, I wonder? One of them dead, and one escaped! A curious coincidence. Reminds me exactly of that singular story old Juarez told me when I was over in Mexico!'

'What story?' Cyrus asked, anxious for anything that might cast any light upon the stranger's mysterious history.

'Well, perhaps it ain't quite fair to this man to tell the circumstance,' the engineer answered with a tinge of hesitation. 'It seems like raising suspicion against him without due ground, when, for all I know, he may be all right—as right as ninepence. But it *does* look odd, certainly, this raving about the corpse. Fishy, decidedly. Reminds me to a T of that curious story of poor old Juarez's. Juarez, you know, was a Mexican president: president, they call it, for the sake of the sound: dictator or despot comes nearer the mark: just what the old Greeks we read about at school used to call a tyrant.'

Cyrus nodded a cautious assent, though his personal acquaintance with ancient Hellas was strictly confined to the information contained in Cornell's Universal History for the Use of the Common Schools of the State of Ohio.

'Well,' the engineer continued, stroking his beard with his hand in a contemplative way, 'it was like this, you see. On one occasion, when they were getting up what they call in those parts a revolution—a jolly good riot, we'd call it in Europe—old Juarez had to fly for his life from Mexico City, away across the plain, with a small band of devoted adherents. So he turned

out at dead of night and ran for it like wildfire. They rode on and on across the plain of Mexico, hotly pursued the whole night through by the opposite party, till one by one, the devoted adherents, finding the pursuit a good deal too warm for their sensitive natures, dropped off at a tangent in different directions, and left Juarez at the dawn of day almost unattended. At last, the old blackguard found himself reduced, as luck would have it, to a single companion, almost dead-beat, and with the hue and cry still full pelt after them. He told me the story himself, at Mexico, long afterwards. He was a rare hand at a story, was old Juarez. Well, at the end of his ride, as he was nearing a little mountain fort still held in force by his own party, blessed if his horse didn't give way all at once, and come down a cropper on the plain under him. Juarez, in a dead funk, called out to his friend to halt and save him. The friend halted, like a fool as he was, and took the old reprobate up behind him—two together on the same tired beast, you understand: and on they rode for dear life once more, full pelt to the shelter. Presently Juarez, looking back over his shoulder, saw the enemy were gaining on them fast; and making sure his horse could never reach the gates of the fort, burdened as he was with two riders abreast, he decided like a shot on immediate action. "And what did you do?" said I, when he reached that point, just as I'm telling it to you myself this moment.

"Why, fortunately," said he, "I had the presence of mind to draw my pistol, and shoot the other man dead on the horse before me." His friend, you must recollect, who'd risked his own life to stop and save him. "I'd the presence of mind," says he, "to draw and shoot him."

'My goodness!' Corona cried; 'you don't mean to say he actually killed him!'

'Yes, he did, honour bright, I give you my word,' the bearded engineer responded cheerfully. 'A rare old blackguard, old Juarez was. And, what's more, he boasted of it, too, just as I told you. "I had the presence of mind," he said, "to draw my pistol straight off and shoot him." He thought no more of it than that, I assure you. An episode of his life—that was all—to Juarez.'

At the door of her room, that night, as she went to bed, Corona paused, candle in hand, and looked anxiously at Cyrus. 'Cy,' she said, 'I don't know why, but I wish to goodness that engineer hadn't told us that awful story about the wicked old Mexican.'

'So do I,' Cyrus answered with averted eyes. 'It's—it's made me feel uncomfortable, some, about the man on the bed in the room down yonder.'

'I can't help fancying, myself,' Corona went on, 'that this is the wrong one, and he either killed or deserted the right one, to save his own life, at a critical point, just like the Mexican.'

Cyrus's face grew gloomier still. 'We ain't got any right to judge,' he answered, leniently. 'But suppose it was the right one, though—eh, Coroney?—and he'd either killed or run away from the wrong one? Wouldn't that be worse, almost, in the end for Miss Dumaresq?'

Corona's honest heart recoiled with horror from the bare insinuation of so hideous a solution. Psyche's lover could do no wrong. 'Oh no, Cy,

she exclaimed loyally. 'It couldn't be that. I'd stake my life on it. I'd bet my bottom dollar against that, any way. If there's anything wrong, it *must* be the other one. Psyche couldn't ever fall in love with a man who could go and do a thing like that, you may be certain.'

FIBROUS PLANTS FOR PAPER-MAKING.

UNHAPPILY, as a progressive people we seem threatened with dire calamity—even scarcity of intellectual food. The rapid strides forward in education of late years, among the lower classes especially; the vast, indeed almost insatiable, demands for periodic literature and cheap newspapers and books; the greater facility for communication by post, and the wonderful growth of manufactures and commerce—all these are causes recently contributing to an enormously extended consumption of paper; while there is no corresponding increase in the supply of the raw materials, which are becoming altogether insufficient, and their cost is greatly enhanced. The evil is a serious one; it cripples the trade, one of the most important in the United Kingdom; and checks the expansion of a most pressing requirement, characteristic of the age, nor, assuredly, will it owe its diminution to any decline in the demand for paper; but as time goes on, and with it development of intelligence and improved capacity for intellectual enjoyment, it must assume larger and still larger proportions.

As is well known, paper in England was at one time made chiefly from linen and cotton rags—a generic term inclusive not merely of rags properly so called, but also of the refuse and sweepings of flax and cotton mills; old ropes and the waste of jute likewise enter into the manufacture of the coloured and coarser sorts of paper. One might imagine there would be ample of each material available, seeing the many tons of raw cotton, jute, flax, and hemp imported and worked up into fabrics. But it must be remembered that in the same rate as manufactures of the kind increase, competition becomes keener; and in order to eke out a profit, their owners find it more and more necessary to look closely to their by-products, many of which, formerly discarded as useless or given over to the paper-manufacturer, are now found to possess a textile value, and constitute the basis of a distinct branch of the trade.

Now, our importation of rags is but a fraction of the materials we have for long consumed for paper. About thirty years ago, when a cotton famine was impending, manufacturers were only too glad to welcome the advent of esparto in the markets, a species of coarse tough grass indigenous to Spain and the north of Africa, which entered speedily into consumption, and to this fibre more than to any other substance we owe the development of the paper trade to the huge proportions it has acquired to-day. But the urgent want for it has been its ruin; the native

cultivators, eager to send the largest possible quantities to market, have recklessly plucked it up roots and all, thus leaving nothing to grow fresh crops; and though it may be raised from seed, it cannot be harvested for twelve or fifteen years after sowing—a system, moreover, unlikely in Spain—and there has been a great falling-off in production, and at no distant date it appears doomed to practical extinction. Though inferior to rags, it answers excellently when used in admixture with them.

Attempts to introduce any new succedaneum in addition to esparto have met with comparatively scant success. Straw from wheat, oats, and rye, has been tried in Britain, the United States, and elsewhere, either alone, or in combination with other materials, on account of its brittleness; but as present treated the yield is small; the price, generally speaking, does not fall very far short of rags; and in England, owing to its further relegation to agricultural purposes and as fodder, it has become hard to obtain, and, in consequence, it is imported in large quantities from Holland and Belgium.

The only other fibre that has seriously threatened to compete with rags and esparto is wood; and since the supply in a raw state is indeed unlimited, much time and trouble have been given to the best methods of preparing it for paper-making. Mechanically prepared, it has little felting property, essential to the formation of a good sheet of paper, and can be used merely as a 'filler-up' in cheap and inferior goods; while the fibre-matter derived by chemical process, though found to be fitted for the finer qualities, and extensively adopted in America, yet is costly; besides, it is only feasible to reduce the wood to pulp in the countries where it is grown.

Even were these substances imported from foreign countries plentiful and cheap, it would be little to our credit to thus furnish ourselves, were our colonies and dependencies equally competent to the task; but under existing circumstances, seeing that foreign sources fail, no choice is left us but to fall back on something nearer home, to some fresh and untried store.

It is futile to think of England herself cultivating fibrous plants for paper-making, even were the climate suitable, the high value of land rendering the idea absurd; and it is to the tropics alone we must look for any reliable supply of new material. There, east and west, these plants abound, in India in particular; its every plant is fibrous more or less, and the stock is inexhaustible; in fact, there is hardly a fibre known that India is incapable of producing. The pre-eminence of the country in regard of this, and the neglect with which the plants have been treated, is almost incredible. Few are objects of European commerce, or are known to the manufacturers, though they are possessed of the greatest strength, and in other cases, of the extreme of fineness, and are admirably adapted

in every respect for textile and such-like uses.

The manufacture of paper from raw indigenous fibre has been practised by the natives of India from very early times, introduced there by the Chinese, who are generally allowed to have been acquainted with the art of paper-making from pulp for a period of at least two thousand years; the introduction causing the natives to largely reject the inner bark of the birch or palm leaves, the slabs of rock, and plates of metal, the objects that they had previously employed in its stead. In India of the present day small local manufactories for it are scattered throughout the country, and although often unbleached, and not adapted to European requirements, yet it is strong and durable, and offers ample evidence of the substances ready to hand, which we might also apply to the growing demands of the home manufacture. Strange to say, though India literally teems with fibre-plants, an Indian paper-making fibre is a question still under discussion. From among the vast array at command for the purpose, selection has occasionally fallen on the lily and aloe-leaved plants, belonging to the genera *Agave*, *Aloe*, *Yucca*, *Sansevieria*, *Bromelia*, and others, all of which abound in excellent white-coloured fibres. Paper was formerly made from the *Sansevieria* in Trichinopoly; and some has been made of the *Agave* in Madras. To cultivate fibre specially for paper has many drawbacks; and as obviating this difficulty, perhaps none is better than from the so-called *Munj* or *Sara* grass, and the *bhakar* grass, both now in use in the Indian paper-mills, as near Lucknow. Large tracts of country are covered with grass jungle, burnt down in the autumn of the year, in order that the young blades may spring up and afford pasturage for cattle; and there seems no reason why this refuse—for at present it is but refuse—should not be saved, by being cut and gathered, before it becomes perfectly dried, and be converted into material for paper. Rice-straw has been suggested as similarly useful, and the supply would be practically unlimited. Various experiments have likewise been made with the bamboo, thus utilised from time immemorial by the Chinese and in Japan; but here the matter of cultivation must needs be reckoned with.

The Sedges, which in appearance nearly resemble the Grasses, but they usually flourish in moist situations, together with the Rushes, might be turned to good account; the family famous, as we are all aware, of having yielded the papyrus of the Egyptians, consisting of thin slices of the vegetable tissue, caused to adhere together under high pressure. But the notion is becoming current that the paper-mulberry tree, more particularly native to China, Japan, Polynesia, and Siam, will yet be cultivated as a hedge-plant in India over the larger portion of the plains, where it is presumed it will thrive to perfection, and that this may be recognised as the Indian paper-fibre of the future.

It would be easy to multiply the names of plants utilised by the natives, and which would in all probability repay the most careful consideration of English manufacturers. Numerous varieties of the Mallow family may be mentioned, all noted for their fibres, of a fine, soft, and

flexible quality. '*Hibiscus cannabinus*,' a small herbaceous shrub with prickly stems, is largely cultivated in the North-west Provinces and the Punjab; in Sind, it is made into nets and ropes; and in the Dacca district, Bengal, and in the Madras presidency, it serves for the manufacture of paper. The edible *hibiscus*, the 'ochro' of the West Indies and the 'ram-turai' of India, yields a fruit extensively used as a vegetable; and the bark abounds in strong fibre, well worthy the attention of the paper-manufacturer, it being admirable in itself; and the supply would be large; and since the plant is already cultivated as an article of diet, it might be procured at little expense. It also appears excessively easy of separation from the stems.

The same remarks hold good for the fibres of the cotton plants. A leguminous plant, one of the most gigantic and extensive 'climbers' that India possesses, has been also strenuously advocated as a paper-maker, and its abundance and hardy vitality at anyrate sufficiently warrant the idea; it flourishes copiously, throwing its immense arms from tree to tree, until whole forests are bound in almost impenetrable clumps. Nothing will exterminate it; it is frequently cut to the ground because injurious to the trees; but the lapse of a few months suffices to enable it to bid defiance to control, as before. The natives universally convert the fibres into ropes; and of its high merit there can be no difference of opinion.

Like jute, the flax produced in the colder centres of cultivation is beyond the reach of the paper-maker. India, however, grows immense quantities for the sake of the seed, the linseed so called, both for home use and exportation, for the expression of their contained oil; while as a source of fibrous matter the plant is utterly disregarded, because the climate does not admit of the formation of the soft flexible fibre customary in the market, but only of short fibres, which, however, would answer capably for paper, and with little outlay.

But among cultivated plants there is one that, taking all in all, would perhaps prove superior to any other—the Plantain or Banana; and against it, as against so many, the objection could not be raised that its growth is remote from the sea—thus doing away with freight charges—for, as every one acquainted with tropical countries knows, it is reared everywhere for its fruit. It is a prime necessity of life in the tropics. The poorest and meanest, even though he have no other possession, invariably has his plantain in front of his hovel, and similarly it has found space in the most splendid gardens. The farinaceous portions of the fruit contain all the nutritious properties of meal; and in many regions it acts in place of bread. The clusters weigh from thirty to eighty pounds; and immediately after they are gathered, the stems are cut down and allowed to rot on the ground; and from each stock six to eight young stems spring up and become large and fruitful; and by this method, successive relays of this food in a fresh state can be had nearly the whole year round. Millions of stems are thus thrown away annually; absolutely no use is made of them by the natives, even for manure or burning; and the fruit already pays the expenses of the culture. Each plant would

yield from three to four pounds of fibre, or about nine thousand pounds per acre, well adapted to the paper-maker. The supply would be always certain; and from the nature of the stem, consisting almost entirely of water and of fibre, the separation of the latter would be readily accomplished. A difficulty lies in the fact that as present cultivated the stems would have to be collected over wide areas. Whether extension of cultivation would pay is questionable. This would at the same time increase the food of the world to an indefinite extent, impossible to be consumed on the spot. But this is immaterial, since the fruit contains a large quantity of saccharine matter, and may be preserved as figs. In this state, kept even for thirty years, it is said to remain palatable. The fibre, however, it appears, is largest in quantity and finest in quality previous to the ripening of the fruit; but exclusive cultivation for paper, with frequent cropping, would, it is feared, lead to disaster.

In competing with rags in the market, fibrous plants labour under one great disadvantage. The former are already far advanced on their road towards fabrication of paper; whereas in the case of an herbaceous substance newly appropriated, additional expense must be incurred in cleansing and otherwise bringing it into a condition corresponding to ordinary rags. Thus the benefit arising from seeking a new fibre, being the refuse of some previous industry, so that the cost of production may have been already partially or wholly defrayed.

The bulk, and consequent high charge for transport here, are also items that cannot be forgotten in the introduction of these Indian fibres. But surely this obstacle might be in great part removed were the early stages of manufacture carried out in India itself, the raw fibres being reduced there by some cheap and ready mode to a state of crude pulp; and thus, when dried, in convenient portable form be shipped for home; and, arrived here, it would be quickly changed, by our superior methods and machinery, into the finished product. In India every facility for this rough preliminary preparation appears to exist, the labour being exceedingly low-priced, and the workmen intelligent and ingenious; and the actual process might be easily effected with aid of the 'Dhenkee,' a simple instrument found in almost every house, in principle much like the European tilt-hammer, and employed for husking rice and a variety of other every-day domestic purposes.

Failing successful trial of these fibres in the English markets, it seems incumbent upon us to foster by every means in our power their use in the interest of India herself. There is no doubt at all we have destroyed the native manufactures by competition, and we owe something by way of compensation. The Indian paper-mills should be qualified to meet their own markets, and not only this, but to aim at lessening not merely the government but the commercial imports of European-made papers. There is good reason to believe that nothing will tend more to ensure permanent tranquillity and prosperity among the people than a sufficiency of remunerative industrial employment, the higher classes deriving the resulting revenues. Would statesmen give their attention to this important subject, the conversion

of the vast variety of fibrous matters—without assignable limit, it may be said, now permitted almost entirely to run to waste—into valuable materials for manufacture, would present itself among the first to promote their wishes.

A NOBLE REVENGE.

PART II.—SO NEAR, AND YET SO FAR.

In a meadow on a cliff, at a favourite sea-side resort, the pupils of Dr Calthorpe's school were playing cricket one fine Saturday afternoon. Full of life-energy and the inexhaustible spirits of boyhood, without a second thought in the world, they were heart and soul in the game; while two ushers on duty performed a quarter-deck walk in the shade of a hedge that bounded the field on the roadway side, seizing the opportunity to study a favourite author, but keeping wary eyes and ears open on their youthful charges at the same time. The school was situated at the outskirts of the town, a large handsome building, nicknamed 'the House of Lords,' in consequence of the many sprigs of nobility the Doctor prepared for Eton.

As the locality was retired, with a charming view over a sapphire sea, it was the custom for ladies, nursemaids, children, and a few stray boatmen, to stroll on the cliff when the Saturday afternoons were fine, to see the play, and how very much like other boys young earls ran and enjoyed themselves. Several little ragged plebeians hung on the five-barred gates to shout and applaud, only too well pleased if a strongly hit ball chanced to come outside the field, that they might have a run for it, and in a humble degree be participants in the game so dear to the hearts of English boys both gentle and simple.

Leaning on the top bar of a gate was a person who seemed to be deeply absorbed in watching these youngsters. He was a tall thin man with a dark sunburnt face and gray hair—gray, not from age, for on close inspection he was not old. His features were well cut; but, either from ill-health or care, he seemed to have prematurely withered. His dress was neat, but faded, in fashion far from modern. One boy he had singled out from the others, no doubt on account of his beauty—a bright sparkling lad, who flew hither and thither with the speed and grace of a young Mercury; a face rosy with health; full blue eyes, and hair shining like pale gold in the sunshine. Presently, a ball came flying over the gate; the spectator caught it; and the young lad just described followed, running. 'Come, I say, just throw it, will you?' he called out; for the man, instead of sending it back, retained the ball in his hand. But he neither threw it nor answered the young Antinoüs who came panting to the gate. Giving the ball with one hand, he laid the other with a retaining grasp on the boy's shoulder.

'Am I wrong in supposing you Mr Desborough's grandson, Felix Gravenor?'

'You're right and you're wrong. I am Mr Desborough's grandson; but my name is Graves.'

'Ah!' exclaimed the man, suddenly removing his hand as if stung.

The boy ran back to his game.

One of the ushers, a little man with spectacles,

was near, and heard the words. 'You appear interested in that boy,' he observed.

'I knew his father,' said the other sadly.

'Ah! he died long ago—before the boy was born, I am told.'

'Alas, yes.'

The usher looked at him curiously, for there was a true tone of regret in his voice.

'He is a fine lad,' resumed the man, his eyes still following Felix, who was once more in the game. 'Tell me—that is, if you will—is he promising—clever?'

'He has good abilities, and learns without much trouble. Whether he will retain knowledge or not, I cannot say. He is the only child of a devoted mother, and his grandfather spoils him.—Here comes Mrs Graves,' continued he, pointing to an open carriage approaching along the white dusty road. 'She is staying down here for a few days.'

The man withdrew to a little distance, taking his stand behind two boatmen, and the interest with which he had watched the boy was now transferred to the mother. The carriage drew up at the gate, whence the lady could have a good view of the field without alighting. Little Mr Barrett knew her, and raising his trencher, advanced to within speaking distance.

At three-and-thirty, Lena looked quite a young woman, who had perhaps been prettier in youth, but was still attractive on account of her fine complexion. Since that dreadful wave of shame and sorrow had passed over her, she had lived under her father's roof, returned to the sharp tongues and cruel stabs of her sisters. But she had suffered so much that they seemed only like wasp-stings compared with her severe wound, that had not yet healed. Lena had never doubted her husband, but dared not say so, taking refuge in silence. When his name was suddenly mentioned by her sisters and father, it had the effect of an electric shock first, then made her tremble. All her happiness now was centred in her boy, who, as he grew in stature, also grew in his grandfather's affections. The one happiness in Lena's life was to go occasionally to stay for a few days near Dr Calthorpe's school, as she was doing now.

Mr Barrett was quite prepared for the habitual questions she put to him: Was Felix's appetite good? Did he sleep well? Was he attentive in his studies? And how about his arithmetic, for which his grandfather was especially anxious? All these questions were answered satisfactorily, excepting the last. Arithmetic was by no means one of his strong points.

During this dialogue at the gate, one of the boatmen, who, at a little distance on a rising ground, watched the players, was startled by a peculiar sound, like a sob, behind him. He turned, to see a face close to him so convulsed with anguish that he exclaimed: 'You are ill, sir. Lean on me. There's a seat ahead; let me pilot you to it.' Rough sailor though he was, he led him gently to a bench that was placed to command a view of the open sea. He removed his hat, and noticed that the stranger was shaking as if with an ague.

'Thanks. It was a sudden faintness. I'—

'Cast anchor here for half an hour; the breeze will soon bring you to.'

But the wanderer sat there much longer, as if

regardless of time, gazing out straight before him with eyes that saw nothing. When the day waned and the rising moon threw a silvery wake on the rippled waves, he rose and descended to the town. In passing Dr Calthorpe's house, he rung the bell, asking the porter if he would oblige him with the name of the hotel at which Mrs Graves put up. It was given. He then made his way to the railway station, and thence back to London.

That same evening Mrs Gravenor sat at the open window of a small family hotel overlooking the sea. She had no lights in the room, for she loved to meditate in the twilight; gazing over the vast expanse of water soothed her. There was the distant sound of a band playing on the esplanade, and a few promenaders were returning as the moon rose higher. Glancing downward, she observed a solitary figure approaching from the opposite direction, whose outline was clearly defined against the background of luminous waves. The man's outline, his easy swinging gait, first made her heart stand still, then beat violently. This person walked slowly, and on passing the house, glanced up at its windows. She of course was invisible; but there was sufficient light for her to discern his cast of features. —It was her husband!

She tried to call 'George!' but no sound issued from her lips. For an instant she sunk upon a couch, then springing up, hastened to an adjoining room, hastily donned a hat and mantle, then flew wildly from the house in the direction he appeared to be taking. She ran along the esplanade, but failed to overtake him, for he had turned down a neighbouring street. She retraced her footsteps, agitated, but with a feeling of ineffable joy pervading her whole being. He had returned! She knelt down with prayers of thankfulness. What signified now the eleven long sad years she had endured? He lived. They should meet again!

An express train brought an unexpected and unwelcome visitor the following day from London, Mr Thorel. His father had been a Swiss, and married the eldest sister of the late Mrs Desborough. Although Lena's cousin, she had never seen him until he came from Geneva to take the management of the foreign department at the bank, for which he was well qualified. He became naturalised, and intended to become a partner of the house some day, and to marry Lena, with whom he fell in love at once. In age he was better suited to the eldest Miss Desborough, who would not have objected to become Mrs Thorel. Lena, however, thoroughly disliked him. When he spoke to her, elongating his thin lips and showing his white pointed teeth—which all stood apart—in what he imagined to be a smile, to which his eyes did not correspond, she shrank from him. When he took her hand in his moist one, she shuddered. Yet Mr Thorel was considered good-looking. He was a black-haired man, with a pale face, on which a gleam of red never appeared. His features were good, but his eyes were too small. Below the middle height, with an erect figure and broad shoulders. Such in appearance was Mr Thorel. In early days he had proposed to Lena; but although favoured by her father, she gave him a decided refusal.

'You were too premature,' observed Mr Desborough. 'Wait until she knows you better.'

The more Lena saw of him, the less she liked him. His continued assiduous attentions, in spite of her rejection of his suit, offended her. Then Captain Gravenor, the handsome frank officer, appeared, and Thorel lost her.

During the years following the Captain's disgrace, no news coming of him, Thorel's hopes began to revive. 'If he is dead, I will have her yet,' said he.

At length he was admitted as a junior partner in the banking-house; then he took a fine house, and drove to Nicholas Lane in a mail Phaeton, living in far greater style than Mr Desborough himself. Such was Mr Thorel at five-and-forty.

Mrs Gravenor was surprised when his name was announced; however, she received him. As she entered the room, he scarcely knew her. Could this bright-eyed woman be the melancholy resigned Lena? What a mighty magician is happiness! Since last night, renewed hope had changed her expression, renewing her early beauty. She even smiled when they met—she was in harmony with all the world.

Mr Thorel wondered, but naturally set down the change to the sea-air. Although smiled upon, he looked serious.

'Lena,' said he, 'I am sorry to be the bearer of bad news. Your father has had another of his attacks. Dr James pronounces it serious. Your sisters sent me for you.'

'I am grieved, but scarcely surprised. I have thought him looking too flushed for some time. I will come; but I must first say good-bye to my boy.'

'That will take time,' observed Mr Thorel. 'Is the farewell necessary?' He looked angry, being in fact jealous of the love she bestowed on Felix.

'Indeed it is,' said she. 'You must amuse yourself with luncheon while I am gone.'

On passing through the hall, the servant was sorting letters he had just received from the postman for the hotel visitors. 'Two for you, ma'am,' said he, handing them to her.

Entering a fly, and flurried by the hasty news, Lena held the letters mechanically in her hand for some minutes before she looked at them. Why, whose writing was this? With tears streaming from her eyes, she kissed the superscription again and again. It was from her husband. She then tore it open; but her agitation prevented her reading the contents; the characters danced before her eyes. Struggling to master her emotion, instead of alighting at Dr Calthorpe's house, she drove on to a little distance, where a narrow slanting path led to the beach. Here, on a seat in a quiet nook, she read the precious lines. It was not a long letter; but the contents written under such circumstances are too sacred for transcription. It concluded by bidding her to have faith in him, and wait. He intended devoting himself to the endeavour of discovering the mystery of the forged cheque. If his innocence were proved, he would claim her before the eyes of the whole world.

Felix was distressed to see traces of tears in his mother's eyes; he thought them tears on account of his grandfather's illness, as did Mr Thorel, when Mrs Gravenor rejoined him; but

they came from another source than that of grief—they were those of thankfulness.

Mr Desborough was a *bon-vivant*. For some time past he had been advised to relinquish his favourite wines, which he was reluctant to do; the result was he became subject to slight attacks of apoplexy. This last one was more serious, and alarmed his family. But he did not die, as was anticipated. He was obliged to change his diet; and in time the doctors brought him round. But for several months he was unable to continue his accustomed attendance in Nicholas Lane, the management of the bank being intrusted to Mr Thorel in the interim.

THE GIRAFFE AT HOME.

By H. A. BRUDEN.

OF all that wonderful profusion of game with which the continent of Africa has been so richly endowed, the Giraffe is perhaps the most singular, certainly one of the most beautiful. Sharing with the zebra, and its extinct cousin the true quagga, thegnu, and the hippopotamus, the distinction of being peculiar to Africa and to no other country, its towering form, extraordinary shape, and rich colouring, point to it, even among the zoological marvels of the Dark Continent, as one of Nature's rarest and most singular efforts. Even in the days, now becoming remote, when this great game was to be found close to the Orange River, its shy habits, and the parched nature of the country inhabited, rendered it always a prime reward for the hunter's skill and labour. At the present time, the giraffe-hunter must wander far afield indeed before he may hope to set eyes upon this stately quarry. Ever since youth, one of the writer's most cherished ambitions had been to see the tall giraffe in its native haunts. Last year this longing was happily gratified; and in the distant thirstlands of the North Kalahari, and amid the waterless mimosa forests fringing the southern border of the Botletli River, in the region of Lake Ngami, several troops of these long-sought animals were seen, and specimens brought to bag.

To have witnessed these beautiful quadrupeds browsing quietly in their desert haunts; to have witnessed their swift and extraordinary paces when pursued; and, after the fastest gallop that an African hunting-horse can compass, to have at length laid low that colossal form—these are rewards surely sweet and ample enough to repay the many weeks of toil and trouble that have been expended in reaching those remote hunting-grounds.

It has been asserted by naturalists, with some show of reason, that the giraffe was never to be found south of the Orange River. There is certainly no actual and direct evidence that even in ages past it browsed within the confines of the present Cape Colony; but this may probably be put down as a moot if interesting point, never now likely to be decided.

In the quaint old-fashioned travels of Paterson, Le Vaillant, and Campbell—*circa* 1777, 1784, and 1813 respectively—it is undoubtedly shown that giraffes were shot very close to the north bank of the Orange; and there seems no real reason, other than the known peculiarities of geographical

distribution, why this animal should not have wandered farther southward. In support of this latter hypothesis may be adduced an old Hottentot tradition to the effect that the giraffe was anciently found in the Amaebi thorn-country, in the present Queen's Town district of Cape Colony. There are, too, to be seen to this day in the Bushman caves near Graaff Reinet and other portions of the Eastern Province of the Cape, rude but unmistakable likenesses of this animal, which may or may not be considered evidence in favour of the contention that the giraffe did once make its habitat south of the Orange River.

Five or six decades since, the giraffe might have been found in many parts of Great Namaqualand, and in the country of the southern Bechuans. In the Kalahari Desert, between these countries, it was extremely plentiful. In 1837, Captain Cornwallis Harris met with it in the present Transvaal territory; and in considerable abundance near the junction of the Marico and Limpopo rivers. Even till within the last few years it has lingered in the unhealthy low country lying upon the eastern border of the Transvaal. But year by year it has been hunted from one sanctuary to another, until now the giraffe must be sought in the far corners of Khama's Country, or in the waterless recesses of the North Kalahari, before it can be chanced upon. Even, then, its habits are so shy, and its love of extreme solitude so constant, that great precautions have to be taken, and the most skilful of Bushmen hunters employed to track the beautiful giant to its forest fastnesses.

The giraffe, for at least three parts of the year—that is, during the spring and winter months in Africa—seems to be perfectly independent of water. I have taken great pains to get at the truth of this matter; and all hunters, native and European—including of course Boer hunters—that I have met confirm this fact. It is certain that the only giraffes found by myself and my hunting companion were standing in perfectly waterless bush, far remote from water; and it is equally certain that during that season (the winter) they never attempted to drink in the Botletli River, their only possible source of supply. This faculty of going for months without water the giraffe seems to share in common with certain of the South African antelopes, notably the eland, gemsbok, and hartebeest among the larger antelopes; and the steinbok, duyker, and springbok among the smaller. The food of the giraffe consists almost exclusively of the leaves of the giraffe acacia (*Acacia giraffe*), known throughout the interior as the 'Kameel-doorn' or 'Camel-thorn.' The Boers know the giraffe only by their Dutch name of 'Kameel'; and English hunters and traders invariably term it 'Camel'—a sufficient explanation of the name of its favourite tree. There are few more beautiful sights in nature than the spectacle of the giraffe, its tall neck upstretched, plucking with long prehensile tongue at the sweet young leafage of the acacia. In August of last year, the writer had the great good fortune to surprise a troop of nineteen, all feeding busily in this manner, fifteen being gathered round one tree. It was a sight never to be forgotten.

Although familiar to the Romans in the days of the Empire, when camelopards—doubtless from

North Africa—were exhibited in the arena, this animal seems in later times to have become completely unknown to Europe. There is indeed vague mention of an animal resembling the giraffe shown at Venice some three hundred years back; but until the close of the last century, it seems to have been classed more among the creatures of chimera or fable than as anything belonging to earth. Colonel Gordon, an officer serving under the Batavian Government at the Cape, appears to have been the first to dispel this illusion, and in about the year 1777, in company with Lieutenant Paterson, a British officer, he shot a giraffe just across the Orange River. A quaint portrait of this specimen is given in Paterson's book of Travels, published a little later. Le Vaillant, the French naturalist, to his own incredible joy slew another giraffe about the year 1784; and some of the most ecstatic portions of his amusing if highly-coloured narrative are devoted to the chase and death of this specimen, as well as to an analysis of the traveller's own over-wrought feelings upon such an unparalleled event. In Le Vaillant's Travels also, a figure of the giraffe is given. Even at the present day it is difficult to convey an adequate idea of this quadruped. From the scarcity of its occurrence and the singularity of its gait when roused, no animal in the wild state is so difficult to depict. A dead specimen is not easy to draw, even if the hunter—as very seldom happens—is a draughtsman; while the skin is so thick and of such enormous weight as to require cutting in half and disposing on two pack-oxen to be brought into camp.

On three succeeding occasions last year, as I had a camera with me, I employed Masarwa Bushmen to carry my photographic implements for me, in hopes of 'taking' a dead specimen. On these occasions, after long hot days of severe toil, no giraffes were sighted. Needless to say, during the next hunt, when the camera was left behind, a big troop was found, of which four mighty camelopards were laid low.

It is true there are specimens of the giraffe in the gardens of the Zoological Society in Regent's Park, but these pallid and undeveloped captives do not fairly represent the mature specimens of wild Africa. The colour of an old bull giraffe is of the richest dark orange chestnut, deepening almost to black upon the back. Old cows in the same way darken very much with age. The younger and mature members of the troop present the most beautiful array of colouring, varying from a rich ruddy orange to a bright lemon fawn.

It is a thousand pities that the authorities at the Natural History Museum do not procure good representative specimens of the giraffe while yet they can be obtained. Within the last few years, wonderful strides have been made in the stuffing and setting-up of skins; and the specimens of rare game sent home recently by the great hunter Mr F. C. Selous now afford faithful representations of the living animals, instead of, as in the case of many of the older specimens, absurd and hideous caricatures. The only stuffed giraffe in the collection of the Natural History Museum is certainly of great size; but it is wretchedly set up, and gives no sort of idea of the animal in its natural state. This specimen is very old and worn, and was shot, I believe, during the

expedition of Dr Andrew Smith about the year 1835. Similarly, at the Cape Town Museum the solitary example is little better than a misshapen monstrosity, and the skin is in a wretched condition. When it is remembered that this very skin lay for three years upon the open beach at Walvisch Bay before it was sent to Cape Town and set up, some idea may be formed of its miserable plight. But the Cape Government is not renowned for its anxiety to further the interests of science and natural history, and hard working and zealous as are the Museum authorities, the establishment is in a pecuniary sense very ill supported.

The most beautiful point about the giraffe is the eye, which is large, dark, full, and of the most melting tenderness, and shaded by long lashes. The eyes of the most beautiful gazelle cannot hope to surpass the bewitching softness of the timid giraffe's. Dependent as this animal is, from its sheer defencelessness, for its safety upon its scent and vision, these senses are extraordinarily acute; and the eye is so formed and set in the head that the animal has, without moving, a wide field of vision both in front and rear.

The pace of this animal is singularly deceptive. When the hunter first sets eyes on it as it moves away, he thinks it is merely going slowly at a curious gliding walk, and can be quickly overtaken. He canters slowly, and is surprised to find he is still losing ground. Even at a hard gallop it takes a good South African horse to run up to a giraffe; and unless a tremendous dash is made during the first mile of chase, forcing your horse at top speed with spur and sjambok, the tall quarry is as likely as not to get clean away from you. When pressed, the gait is most extraordinary. The giraffe progresses by moving two legs on one side simultaneously, and when forced to its greatest speed, its action resembles a series of striding leaps in which the hindlegs are kept very wide apart. As it runs thus, the great neck swings up and down, and the long black tail switches with the regularity of clockwork. Its limping, pitching action can only be compared to a gigantic and awkward automaton, or to the motion of a great ship pitching on a troubled sea. Nothing can be more wonderful or more exciting than to have a large troop of this most beautiful and stupendous game thus rocking and swaying in front of one.

As a rule, the giraffe is found in open bushy forest, and when pursued, it invariably runs for the most thorny and entangling portion. Its own thick hide and great weight enables it easily to force a way through the densest obstacles, which tear the rider and his horse terribly. It is not only advisable, it is a necessity to wear a stout thick cord coat when hunting these animals in forest-country. Nothing is more remarkable than the way in which these tall creatures duck and evade the branches of trees. The long neck is bent and the beautiful head lowered, so that branches which all but graze the withers are passed; and the operation is performed with great rapidity. In the same manner trees and bushes are avoided with sudden and astounding ease, the great creatures sheering and tacking in thick forest in a perfectly bewildering way. Curious though it may seem, the giraffe is ex-

remely hard to find in forest-country, even although a troop may be feeding with their heads above bushes and low trees within the vision of the hunter. The long neck has a strange resemblance to the trunks and limbs of dead trees, and the colouring of the animal assimilates very wonderfully, especially in winter, with the sun-scorched vegetation, the yellow glare around, and the play of light and shade through foliage. Every distant tree or limb is therefore most anxiously scanned when giraffes are known to be in the neighbourhood.

The flesh of young giraffes and of fat cows especially is excellent; there is the least musky flavour perhaps, but it is not unpleasant. The tongue and marrow-bones are great delicacies, the latter, particularly, furnishing the rarest and most delicious banquet of the African hunter.

Few beasts of the chase are more poorly endowed with means of defence; but even the mild giraffe when wounded and brought to a stand, will, if the hunter approaches from the front, chop at him with its forefeet, and a blow from such a limb is an exceedingly dangerous one. I have questioned many hunters on this point, and cannot ascertain that the giraffe uses its legs in any other system of defence.

At the present time, the giraffe is mainly sought after for the value of its hide, which, even so far up country as Khama's Town (Palache), now commands a value of from two pounds ten shillings to four pounds ten shillings a skin, varying according to age and sex. The hide of a tough thick-skinned old bull, from an inch to an inch and a quarter in thickness, is of course the most sought after. When one of these great creatures lies prone upon the veldt, it seems as if enveloped in a mantle of brass, and the fingers can make no impression whatever upon the carcase. Not many years since, the hides of the rhinoceros and hippopotamus furnished ox-whips and riding-whips—colonially known as *sjamboks*—all over South Africa. But the rhinoceros is all but exterminated south of the Zambesi; the hippopotamus becomes scarcer year by year; and the hide of the giraffe is consequently in greatly increased demand. A few years back, there happened a dearth of *sjambok* hide, the price of whips rose immensely, and a giraffe skin sold readily for five pounds and more. Forthwith, parties of Dutch and native hunters flocked into the Kalahari, and scores upon scores of giraffe were slaughtered. On coming out with their loads, the hunters discovered that they had overstocked the market, and that prices had rapidly fallen again. Most up-country natives, especially the Bechuana, use the hide of the giraffe for making the neat sandals they habitually wear, preferring it for its strength and toughness to any other. It seems a pity that for the sake only of whips and sandals, and to furnish the hunter with meat and an exciting form of sport, this stately creature should be exterminated from South Central Africa, as it bids fair soon to be.

It is a difficult matter to restrain one's sporting instincts, and to content one's self with merely looking on at such extraordinary creations of animal life. Upon a first and even second occasion, it is, I will admit, from personal experience, a physical impossibility to repress one's natural

hunting instincts—instincts deeply implanted during long ages—in a moment of such supreme excitement. But having fairly tasted the delights of giraffe-hunting, and they are very keen, I would never again, if I could help it, lay low another of these creatures, except to furnish a supply of absolutely necessary meat.

Its speed and staying powers and the nature of its habitat will always render the giraffe well worthy of the sportsman's skill; but in these days, when game is vanishing, almost as if by magic, from the face of the earth, unless its flesh is actually and imperatively needed, this, the most rare and characteristic of the African fauna, should, in my judgment, be suffered to go unmolested.

The North Kalahari will not for long retain its waterless renown; already concession hunters are everywhere securing 'veldt;' water will sooner or later be found in places hitherto considered to be lacking; and one of the last southern strongholds of the giraffe will then be gone.

Khama, who owns or controls a very large proportion of the best giraffe country now left to South Africa, might be induced to protect these rare and harmless animals. Already he only allows his own people or his own friends to shoot them, and a chief of such intelligence and such power could do very much towards staying extermination in his vast territory. But, on the other hand, after Khama, the deluge—otherwise extermination—is, I am afraid, pretty sure to come. The British South Africa Company, which it is said intends to preserve game, may, however, do something in the countries under its control.

Roughly speaking, the present geographical distribution of the giraffe may be said to extend from Khama's country—Bamangwato, North Bechuanaland—in the south, to the southern Soudan in the north; and in dry, suitable localities, where the giraffe acacia is to be found, its range extends all over Africa between these limits. Utter extinction is for the present, therefore, happily not immediately assured. But as Africa becomes opened up year by year—almost month by month—these beautiful and defenceless animals must surely pass away. At the end of another century, our successors will probably, as they gaze at pictures of the extinct camelopard, marvel that so extraordinary a creature could have lingered so late into the world's history. Yet another hundred years and their successors will be inclined to rank the giraffe among dragons, unicorns, and other creations of fable.

CHIT-CHAT ABOUT EYES.

AMONG the five different organs by means of which alone we are enabled to perceive the various phenomena of the external world, there is none of so great importance to us as the Eye. There is no sense we make use of to such an extent, or is so often necessary to supplement and render sure the action of the other four, as that of sight. To direct our sense of touch, to aid our localisation of sound, and in many ways to help our appreciation of smell and taste, the eyes are invaluable to us. Since,

then, we make more use of this sense than of the others, we surely ought to know in proportion more about the organs through which the sensation of light is produced than of those through which the other senses do their work. But beyond the elementary facts, the study of the eye is complicated, and needs much time and patience—far more, indeed, than hundreds of busy men and women can afford to devote to it. However, as we are all possessors of the articles in question, it may not be uninteresting to call to mind a few facts about the eyes—curious, obvious, inexplicable, and true.

Purkinje discovered a very simple and highly entertaining experiment by means of which the *retina*, with all its veins and blood-vessels standing out in relief against it, can be thrown into the air before one's eyes. It is called the *Arborescent Figure*, from its likeness to a many-branched tree, and is produced in the following manner. In a dark room at night move a lighted candle backwards and forwards before the eyes—these being firmly fixed on the wall beyond. After a few seconds the air will assume a reddish appearance, and running over it in all directions may be seen the veins and blood-vessels in bold relief; while towards the centre of the figure there rises up a dark trunk, from which the veins branch out on all sides. The trunk is visible where the optic nerve enters the eye; and this experiment is chiefly interesting to the student as proving that the parts of the retina which actually receive and produce the sensation of light must lie behind the blood-vessels, since these cast their shadow on to it, and we are enabled to see them, as we see any other object—externally.

It is remarkable, also, that although the optic nerve is of all parts of the eye the most sensitive to light, yet, should an object fall on it as we look round us—and some object must always be thrown on it—it is invisible to us; and in our field of vision there is in reality a gap, though in ordinary sight the surrounding edges of this gap draw up together, and so fill it. But by closing one eye, by practice one may actually force the object which is reflected on to the optic nerve to disappear completely from the field of vision. Bernstein—whose work on *The Five Senses of Man* is full of interest from cover to cover—tells us that even the sun itself can be made to disappear if it fall exactly on the blind spot where the optic nerve enters the eye. This may account for the fact that some people can close one eye and stare the summer sun in the face without wincing.

Towards nightfall, as the light grows scarce and dim, the pupil of the eye increases to its greatest size so as to catch and absorb all the rays it possibly can. Thus, a cat's eye will grow large at dusk; and those of the night-loving owl are so made as to produce a greater convergence of the rays of light, so that in faint light it can distinguish objects closer. It is as great

a mistake to suppose that cats can see in the dark, where no light is, as it is to suppose that under the influence of passion or excitement man's eyes have the power of emitting light. It is impossible, as has been proved beyond a doubt by many experiments in utter darkness. True, a cat's eyes have a wonderful brilliancy; but this is due to a 'carpet of glittering fibres,' called the tapetum. It may be to some extent in virtue of this glitter that they possess their alleged power of fascinating small birds and other creatures, though we certainly need not suppose that the terror and inability to move evinced by the victim are due to the power of the eye alone. Fear of the approaching monster, which instinct tells them is hostile to their life, is fully as paralyzing as any eye glitter.

Kalm mentions having seen a rattlesnake 'lying at the bottom of a tree on which a squirrel was seated, fixing its eyes on the little animal, which from that moment cannot move or escape, but begins a doleful outcry; comes towards the snake; runs a little bit away; comes nearer, and finally is swallowed.' But, as if to show that this result of bewilderment is not all to be put down to the eye alone, Dr Andrew Smith says: 'I have heard of cases in which antelopes and other quadrupeds have been so bewildered by the sudden appearance of crocodiles, by the grimaces and contortions they practised, as to be unable to fly or move from the spot towards which the crocodiles were approaching to seize them.'

This power is in the human animal often developed to a very great extent, and the part that the eye plays in fascinating a fellow-creature by mesmerism—thus opening the way to almost infinite psychical results and unveiling unknown depths of possibility—is decidedly great in proportion to the magnetic force of the system, or rather the mind, for which it acts.

The meaning of the evil-eye, the 'Ophthalmos baskanos' of the Greeks, the 'fascinare' of the Romans, was probably far more than a vulgar superstition. We find traces of it in almost every country, notably to this day among the canny Scots who inhabit the Western Isles of the sea, of 'Ulva dark and Colonsay,' of Skye and the Hebrides; and of the Turks, who distrust the evil-eye of the stranger. But in old classical days the power seems chiefly to have been used for the purpose of grievously afflicting the livestock of disagreeable neighbours. So we find to this day in Ireland, parts of Scotland, and the west of England, where this belief is still prevalent. Certainly, in some form or other, mesmeric fascination by the eye has always been known; but that any one person, with no matter how evil an eye, should be able to 'teneros fascinare agnos' to any extent or number is ridiculous, and not seriously to be entertained for a moment.

But before we leave the human eye to notice one or two peculiarities in the eyes of insects and other creatures, we must not forget several other facts, which show us how very easily the senses may conjointly subject us to the most complete and perfect hallucinations. For instance, we can

'perceive' light without the smallest aid from the retina. If the optic nerve is sufficiently excited to reach the sensorium and create a disturbance at that centre of the brain where the optic nerve terminates, we shall then see light and sparks. If, moreover, the optic nerve is cut or mutilated in any way we should see a brilliant flash of light, though without any sensation of pain. And so it is with the other nerves: the auditory nerve has only to be excited, not necessarily by sound, so as to reach its centre the brain, and we shall hear a sound. How many ghosts might not be destroyed in this way?

Another curious fact about the eye as regards its perception of colour is, that, according to Bernstein, one in twenty persons are afflicted with red-blindness. In the normal eye the edges of the retina are not sensitive to the sensation of red light—that is, cannot see red colour. In some eyes this peculiarity will extend itself to half the extent of the retina; and in very many others (to no less, indeed, than one in twenty) this spreads over the whole of the retina. The possessors of such eyes will confuse in the most curious manner dark green and yellow with red. This is not always apparent; but a few tests will surely bring it out, and we should be amazed to find how many of us are subject to this partial colour-blindness.

All the muscles of the eyes are so arranged as to enable us to bring both eyes to bear on the same object at once. If we wish to look to the right, an exterior muscle sets the right eye in motion; but an interior, the left. Thus, we can look inward at the tip of the nose, but not outwards, one eye to the left, the other to the right; or one eye up, the other down.

The eyes of insects present several peculiarities. Often in the same individual we shall find two sets of eyes, the simple and the compound; these latter having a large number of minute hexagonal facets, each of which is in reality a cornea; and the marvel is that every single facet belongs to a distinct eye with pupil, iris, lens, all complete. The number of these corneas varies very considerably. While the ant possesses fifty only, the ordinary house-fly has four thousand; butterflies have no fewer than seventeen thousand; and some beetles rejoice in as many as twenty-five thousand.

The fish has also one striking though obvious peculiarity: its pupils are large, to absorb all the light they can; but the eyes are provided with no lachrymal apparatus, Father Ocean himself being so assiduous in performing for them the washing process that tears are not necessary.

The conditions of light naturally affect the eyes of animals considerably; and in the Mammoth Caves of Kentucky and in those of Adelsberg the creatures have been found blind or in various stages of blindness.

There are many insects which have a very much larger field of vision than we have. This is due to the greater concavity of their eyes, enabling them to see round the corner, so to speak, behind, and at the sides. This development in man would have its objectionable points, but also its good ones, not the least of which might be the detection of pickpockets.

The writer was once in the isle of Skye, being driven along a lonely road in a one-horse cart. Suddenly the animal began to shy violently towards one side of the road, though there was nothing in sight that could possibly have frightened it, both sides of the road being flat moorland for miles. However, nothing could induce the creature to move forwards until the driver eventually got down and led him past the objectionable thing, whatever it was. As he again took his seat on the box, he shook his head and said mysteriously: 'Ah! he'll be seeing something that we cannot see! A man was murdered here two years ago on this very spot.'

But this is no occasion for discussing the question whether animals in general, and horses in particular, have abnormal powers of vision which enable them to see the immaterial. Anyhow, the formation of their eyes in no way warrants any such supposition; and probably, if there is anything in the stories, the keen sensitiveness and heightened instinct of the animals played no little part in the occurrences.

To return for the last time to the human eye. An interesting point is the cause of the different shades of colour we see in them. On a certain membrane in the interior are numerous cells, called 'pigment' cells. When these are present in very great numbers they produce that deep black colour of some eyes, and in proportion to their numbers, decrease also the depth of colour, till finally a light blue is reached. In certain eyes these pigment cells do not exist at all, being wanting, indeed, all through the system, hair and skin. A person of this description is called an albino, and among animals we find a parallel in the case of the white rabbit.

The human eye is indeed the mirror of the soul within, and no part of the face betrays so clearly the state of mind as do the eyes. The cold glitter of greedy, cunning avarice; the sneaking glance of the cringing sycophant; the firm straight look of the brave and strong; the restless motion of the anxious or fearful; the inquiring gaze, the hesitating, the angry, the smiling, the proud, the humble, and lastly, the lover's, combining admiration, feeling, and longing, and who knows what else besides!

An article on the 'Eyes of Genius,' which appeared recently in *Chambers's Journal*, began by quoting a saying of Emerson's, to the effect that 'Each man carries in his eye an exact indication of his rank in the immense scale of man.' Shelley, who himself possessed a pair of beautiful eyes, like those of a deer, uses some remarkable expressions in his poetry:

Like a Thought, which makes
Unwonted tears throng to the horny eyes—

the epithet being so descriptive of that cold, resolutely hard eye of the selfish man, which nought can soften, and to which tears even are unwonted.

Again, when Panthea enters in the second act of *Prometheus Unbound*—from which also the above lines are taken—and Asia says:

I feel, I see,
Those eyes which burn through smiles that fade in tears,
Like stars half quenched in mists of silver dew.

And further on in the same scene, Asia, knowing

that truth is to be read in the eyes rather than on the lips, asks Panthea to

Lift up thine eyes,
And let me read thy dream.

And when Panthea has spoken, but failed to convey her meaning to Asia, the latter says:

Thou speakest, but thy words
Are as the air: I feel them not. O lift
Thine eyes, that I may read his written soul!

Panthea. I lift them, though they droop beneath the load

Of that they would express: what canst thou see
But thine own fairest shadow imaged there?

Asia. Thine eyes are like the deep, blue, boundless heaven

Contracted to two circles underneath
Their long fine lashes; dark, far, measureless,
Orb within orb and line through line inwoven.

THE WILD WHITE MAN OF NORTH QUEENSLAND.

THE doings of white men amongst the aborigines of Australia are indeed interesting records, and many of the stories seem stranger than fiction, especially when there exists in the minds of Englishmen an idea that that race of mankind partakes a little of savage cannibals. Amongst those persons who have abandoned civilisation and lived for a time amongst the Australian Blacks, as that race is generally but wrongly called, the most interesting perhaps is James Morril, the Wild White Man of North Queensland, who spent seventeen years amongst that people.

On the 28th of February 1846, a barque named the *Peruvian*, of Dundee, left the port of Sydney, New South Wales, bound for China. She had a crew of twenty-two, all told, and was commanded by Captain Pitkelly. There were fourteen sailors, amongst whom was Morril, and seven passengers—Mr and Mrs Wilmot, their child and nursemaid, Mr J. B. Quarry and child, and Mrs Pitkelly, the captain's wife. For a full week the vessel experienced tempestuous weather, and was blown along for several days with only the bare masts. Early on the morning of the second Sunday out (March 8) the vessel struck on the Horseshoe Reef, one of the dangerous shoals of the great Barrier Reef which stretches for nearly twelve hundred miles along the Queensland coast, south-east of Port Denison, and was soon washed up so high that only the spray from the breakers reached her. The boats were destroyed, one at the time of the collision with the rocks, and the others when attempts were being made to leave the vessel in them. The second-mate was washed overboard by the first sea that swept the vessel after she struck; and the first-mate, who was the captain's brother, was lost whilst he was endeavouring to make the last remaining boat fit for the sea. From casks, rigging, spars, &c., a raft was formed, upon which the survivors, after securing a cask of

water and some tinned meat and soup, drifted from the wreck. Their sufferings during the days that followed were fearful. For twenty-two days they drifted about without any signs of rescue from passing vessels, when Mr Quarry died. Next followed his child, Mrs Wilmot and her child and the nursemaid; then the carpenter, cook, and two seamen, two apprentices, and two black men. Provisions soon began to run short; but when the pitiful community took to the raft they had made a unanimous determination that, come what would, no proposition should ever be made or entertained to sacrifice any one as food for the others. One morning they saw the topsails of a brig, only to watch it disappear as the breeze freshened with the opening day. Again the raft drifted on the Barrier Reef, and two days afterwards they sighted Cape Upstart. Tossed hither and thither with the tides and currents, they came in view of Cape Bowling-green two days later.

At last, after forty-four days from that on which it drifted from the wreck, the raft was washed ashore on the north-eastern side of Cape Cleveland—the captain and his wife, Mr Wilmot, Millar (sailmaker), Gooley and Morril (seamen), and Wilson (apprentice), seven in all, reaching the land alive. Shortly after landing, Mr Wilmot and Gooley died; and Millar, finding a native canoe, paddled away in it, in the hope of discovering food and relief; but he never returned, his body being found some time after by the natives. The survivors sheltered themselves in a kind of cave, subsisting on shellfish for a fortnight, when some members of one of the aboriginal tribes found them. At first, they were afraid of the white people; but soon each of them became the centre of a group of the dusky race, whose curiosity led them to examine each carefully from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot. They next supplied them with food, and by signs indicated the direction in which there was plenty more. That night, both blacks and whites camped and slept together; and next morning they all started off for the big camp, Wilson, the young apprentice, who was a mere boy and almost unable to walk, being carried. On arrival at the camp the white people were supplied with food, but carefully covered with boughs, to conceal them from the general gaze. Members of the tribe from the surrounding district kept coming in, and a grand exhibition was made of the articles that had been found with the whites. When they were brought forth for public view they were observed by some of the people with curiosity, whilst others ran away in fright.

After a short time, the shipwrecked survivors were conducted to huts prepared for them, at the entrance of which small fires had been lit, and were supplied with such food as the aborigines possessed. For a long time parties of the tribe, which was a large one, kept arriving to see the strangers, who settled down as mem-

bers of the wild community. They were shown how to obtain food, but although treated with rude indulgence, they suffered frightfully. The whole of the poor unfortunate creatures struggled along together for twelve months, when the captain died, and his unfortunate wife only survived him three months, dying of a broken heart. The remaining two endeavoured to find their way south, but got no farther than where the present town of Bowen stands. Twelve months after the death of the captain, the young apprentice died; and Morril was left the sole survivor of that ill-fated party, with only the aborigines for his companions.

During his residence with this tribe of the Australian race, Morril accompanied them in their marches, fought with them in their tribal wars, went with them on their hunting expeditions into the country, or their fishing excursions to the sea-shore. He soon lost all European habits, and forgot almost his mother-tongue, becoming, in fact, a real domesticated aboriginal. At first, his associates at times treated him roughly, and would perhaps have killed him but for the interference of the women, with whom he became a great favourite. One old woman went so far as to recognise in him a dear departed son, who in dying hoped that he should return 'a white fellow.' During the early part of his sojourn in the bush he used to build 'gunyahs,' or huts, to sleep in during wet and cold weather; but as the natives often expelled him from his retreat and took possession, he discontinued labouring for their comfort. After this, he frequently covered himself with a sheet of bark during wet nights, when he slept tolerably well, and was fairly comfortable. The domain of the tribe with which he associated extended from the Burdekin River to the Black River, a distance of some thirty miles; and their headquarters were in the pockets of Mount Elliott, one of the highest mountains in Queensland, rising 4075 feet in height. A favourite haunt of the tribe was near Cape Marlow, about twenty-five miles northwards, by the shores of Cleveland Bay, and here Morril spent much of his time. Often did he climb up the rugged sides of Castle Hill, and from the summit scan the blue waters of the bay, in the fond hope of seeing a sail that would rescue him from solitude; but for this trouble he was never rewarded.

In 1861 he heard that white people had been seen in the neighbourhood, and with the object of coming in contact with them, he joined a friendly tribe who inhabited the country lying between the Burdekin and Cape Bowling-green. This tribe did not contemplate his leaving them, and for his own security from other tribes of an unfriendly disposition he was never free nor safe to go off alone on an expedition of discovery; and even had he come suddenly in contact with those of his own race, he would undoubtedly have shared the fate at that period indiscriminately meted out to the aborigines.

During the early part of January 1863, the tribe with which he lived organised a kangaroo battue in the near vicinity of a sheep-station on the Lower Burdekin, and one day Morril was detailed with a party of the women to look out for whites. One of the women who had strolled

off by herself soon told Morril that she had seen a white man's hut, and when she was directing him to the locality, they sighted some sheep. Upon Morril deciding to go on, the woman ran back. He then went to a water-hole, where he washed himself so as to appear as white as possible, and walked on in the direction of the sheep. Soon he came in sight of a yard, and then a hut, from which he heard voices, and at that instant felt confused and alarmed, and was almost impelled to run away. Mounting as high as he could on the fence, he called out the sailor's salutation he had so often repeated to himself when alone: 'What cheer, shipmate?' On hearing this, one man looked out of the hut, and seeing Morril, who was wild-looking in appearance, immediately called out: 'Come out and bring the guns, Wilson; here's a naked man on the fence that is white or yellow, but is not black!' Morril then threw up his arms and called out: 'I am a shipwrecked sailor. You would not shoot a British subject!' Then the men, who were stockmen, and who had regarded him as some sort of a bushranger, took him into the hut and gave him bread to eat, which at first he could not swallow. Having almost forgotten the English language, it was some time before he could explain himself to the settlers. That night he returned to the aborigines' camp, and upon his advice, they moved off some miles farther from the hut. When he told them that he intended to return to the whites, the natives at first understood that he would be away for three or four days only, and begged of him to talk to his countrymen and tell them not to shoot the natives. When they learned that he was going a long way off to see a great many whites, and that he would be away three or four moons, some of them declared that he was going to leave them altogether. Some in anger told him to go, saying that he would be drowned with the rest of the white men. Years before this, numbers of them had lost their lives during a great flood, and it was a consoling belief with the survivors that another great flood would drown all the white men, with their horses, cattle and sheep. Others lamented that he would be too far away to do anything to save them from the whites. They begged of him to induce his countrymen to let them have at least the swamps and salt-water creeks, upon condition that they (the natives) abandoned the upper reaches and rivers. With much lamentation on the part of many of his tried associates, on the following morning Morril ended his almost seventeen years' sojourn among the natives.

Morril was not, however, long to survive his release. Mr James Gordon, at that time the sub-collector of Customs at Bowen, took him to Brisbane, and presented him to Sir George Ferguson Bowen, the Governor of Queensland, who, however, took little interest in the 'Wild White Man.' Whilst in that city he joined the Baptist Church. Returning to Bowen, he was employed in the Customs department as one of the crew of the pilot-boat; and in 1864 he married a servant of the police magistrate's of that place. Townsville, now the leading city in North Queensland, and the seat of a bishop and his cathedral, was then just beginning to grow on

the shores of Cleveland Bay, and at the foot of Castle Hill, the peak Morril often climbed to scan the horizon in search of a sail. In April 1865 the first bonded goods arrived at the new seaport in the schooner *Ariel*, in the charge of none other than Jimmy Morril; and in June of the same year, when the first land of the new town was sold, a quarter of an acre was knocked down to Morril at the upset price, no one being inclined to bid against him, and thus he obtained an allotment of land in what he termed his country. He died in the following October at Bowen, leaving a widow and a posthumous son, who, at the time the writer of this article was a resident in Townsville (1886-89), was driving a team in the neighbourhood of that city. From the time of his release from the aborigine life to his death, Morril always had a deep affection for the aborigines; and Mr Gordon, the person above named, informed the writer that he used to relate some very touching incidents concerning that race, which often brought tears to his eyes.

ONE DAY.

I.

It came not when the roses grew
In pale and ruddy splendour;
When crystal drops of pearly dew
Lay in their petals tender;
When calla-lilies tall and fair
Their sweet perfume were flinging;
When soaring larks high in mid air
Their lays of love were singing.

II.

Nor yet when gaily in the meads
The daisies white were bobbing,
When through the sedges and the weeds
The soft south wind went sobbing;
The violets saw not that day,
Nor yet the primrose sprightly;
It came in mists and vapours gray
That day that ended brightly.

III.

The purple clouds high overhead
Fantastically were shifting,
And leaves of russet, gold, and red
From off the trees went drifting.
I know how fast my pulses stirred
That day in late November,
When some one softly spoke a word,
A word I well remember.

IV.

A simple word, and yet I thought
The branches bending o'er us
Took up the word as if they sought
To make a joyous chorus,
If flowers were dead and bird-notes stilled,
I heard the old sweet story,
That autumn day, 'I love you' filled
With more than summer glory.

MAGDALEN ROCK.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Limited,
47 Paternoster Row, LONDON; and EDINBURGH.